



E L E G Y XXI.



|Appy! depart with speed ! Than
me, more fortunate
ever! Poor Letter, go thy ways !
unto my sweet Lady's
hands! She shall look on thee ! and
then, with her beautiful eyes
bless!
Smiling eyes (perhaps, thee to delight with a
glance) She shall cast on a line ; if a line,
there, pleaseth her
humour I
But if a line displease ; then shall appear
a frown ! How much she dislikes thy loves,
and saucy salutings !
O my life's sweet Light! know that a frown of
thine eye Can transpierce to my soul, more
swift than a Parthian
arrow;
And more deeply wound than any lance, or a
spear ! But thy sweet Smiles can procure such
contrary motions; Which can, alone, that heal,
wound afore by thine eyes^f Like to the
lance's rust, which healed whilom warlike
ACHILLES
With right hand valiant, doughtily wounded
afore. Not unlike to the men, whose grief the
scorpion helpeth
(Whom he, before, did sting), ready to die
through pain: Thou, that Beauty procures to be
thy Chastity's handmaid,
With Virtue's regiment glorious, ordered
alone! Thou, that those smooth brows, like
plates of ivory planed,